

THE EVENING FREE PRESS.

S. HERBERT, Editor and Prop'r.
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Gen. Miles wants an army of 75,000 men, and that's a big figure for the Philippine war. Mr. Hull, house chairman, insists on 97,000 men. Three years ago it numbered 27,000. And yet we are told that talk of a big military establishment is "rot." The country rose in protest a few years ago when the Republicans spent a billion dollars. Now "a billion dollar congress" is regarded complacently. Why? Because there are so many fellows expecting "sugar in their'n" they cry down any protest to rampant extravagance.—News Observer.

And now the silver piece, which has been a conspicuous feature of this nation's financial system since its foundation, and known as a dollar, is to be converted into a mere promise to pay to bearer one dollar in gold. It is said that President McKinley, in his forthcoming message, will recommend that silver dollars be made redeemable in gold at the will of the holder, the same as greenbacks. In 1896 the Republican party declared in favor of international bimetallism. It redeemed that declaration by enacting the gold standard into law. Now the president proposes to declare that the silver dollar is no dollar at all, but simply a promise to pay a dollar. By the time the 57th congress assembles Mr. McKinley will doubtless be ready to recommend changing the words on the silver dollar, "In God we trust," to "In Gold we trust."—Asheville Citizen.

It is said that the reduction made in the price of its cigarettes by the American Tobacco company is done for the purpose of crushing out competition, and especially the factory recently started at Wilson, and it is our belief that this is correct. But what are you going to do about it? If a merchant or manufacturer wishes to sell his wares at or below cost, can the law step in and say that he shall not do it? Of course this is hard on the fellow with small capital, and from a moral point of view may be wrong, but the same principle is practiced by smaller business concerns every day and no notice is taken of it for the reason that its effect is not so far reaching.—Durham Herald.

All of which is true. The only remedy we know of is for the people to act with some patriotism and a little sense. It is to their interest in the long run to sustain the independent factory. In this special instance the big tobacco trust is trying to choke to death a small cigarette factory at Wilson, which has secured a fine trade on "Carolina Brights," which is a better article than any put up for 5c by the trust. The dealers and the users should not go back on the little fellow. If they do they make a little temporary gain but will be squeezed out of more than they gain after competition is killed. Stand by "Carolina Brights." It is a good article and has a good name. Down with the "skull and cross bones" and "Battle Axe" of the piratical trust.

Heat Radiation.

The tendency of heat to diffuse itself is effected by radiation, conduction and convection. Nearly all dull and dark substances are good radiators, while bright, polished surfaces radiate badly. Some substances conduct heat more freely than others, silver among the metals being the best conductor, and as a unit of measurement is taken at 1,000. Compared with silver as a conductor, gold is 981, copper 845, zinc 641, tin 432, steel 297 and wrought iron 430. Glass, wood, gases, liquids and resinous substances are bad conductors. Water is such a poor conductor that if heat is applied to the top it will boil at the top, while the bottom will remain cold.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Watering the Cow.

"We notice," says the Weatherford Chronicle, "in an exchange an item about a cow that died from drinking too much water: 'It is hoped this will be a warning to other cows. We have toted water for a cow ourselves, and when, after turning up her nose and sniffing around as though she didn't think much of water anyhow and we might go to bed with it, she suddenly changed her mind and swallowed a bucketful in two gulps and kept on doing so for 10 or 15 times and called for more we just whacked her over the head with the empty bucket and hoped that she might bust and blessed her.'"

Made a Record.

Hoax—My wife's a remarkable woman. She waited to get off a car today, and she reached right up herself, pulled the strap and stopped it.

Joax—Huh! Lots of women do that. "But she pulled the right strap first and didn't ring up a single fare!"—Philadelphia Record.

The Normal Color.

Mrs. Brown—What color are your little boy's eyes?
Mrs. Robinson—Black generally. He's a terrible fighter.

HER RICH AUNT.

Freddie, baptisimally named Mary Frederica, had a rich aunt in the city—at least so she had always heard—and when the poor stepmother who had done her best to fill the vacant mother's place to her drifted into the grave and there was no sheltering home left her footsteps naturally turned to Granbury Place.

"I've always heard that Aunt Jaycox was very eccentric," thought Freddie, "and perhaps that is the reason she has never answered any of my letters or taken the slightest notice of me."

As she walked along, looking wistfully in this direction and that, a second young girl, coming from the opposite point of the compass, also with a traveling bag and shawl over her arm, accosted her timidly:

"Can you tell me where Granbury Place is?" she asked.

Freddie stood still in amazement.

"The very question I was about to ask you," said she.

"I am a stranger in the city," said the first young girl, coloring painfully.

"And so am I."

"And I was looking for an old lady called Jaycox."

"So was I," said Freddie.

"I am her niece."

"Well, this grows stranger and stranger," cried Freddie. "So am I, but I didn't know I had any cousins. Come, let us go together and look for the place. It can't be far off."

Neither was it, a dreary looking house of red brick, and a sour looking old woman who hobbled unwillingly to answer the jangling summons of the bell admitted, not without hesitation, that Mrs. Jaycox lived there.

"My mistress don't see much company these days," she said sadly.

"But we are her relations," pleaded Clara. "We have come a long way to see her."

The old woman showed them into a musty smelling room, where a gray parrot clawed its way slowly up and down the tin sides of its cage, watching the unwonted visitors with blinking yellow eyes. A minute afterward the opposite door opened, and a crooked, ellike old woman stood before them, dressed in faded black silk, with a string of gold beads around her neck and her gray hair dressed in antique fashion—on a cushion on the top of her head.

Both girls arose at once. The old lady eyed them keenly.

"Oh," said she, "you are my nieces. This," with a motion of her gold headed cane in the direction of the little country girl, "is Frederica, and that is Clara. You have come fortune hunting."

"Aunt," hotly interrupted Clara, "you are mistaken. I want to earn my own living, and I thought you could help us to some way of being independent."

"Oh!" said the old lady, with a sinister grin. "That's it, eh? And you?" turning to Freddie.

"I have no home left, aunt," said Freddie simply. "I came to you because you are my father's sister."

"And you thought I kept a free orphan asylum, eh?" sneered Mrs. Jaycox.

"Well, you're here, and I can't very well send you away. You can stay all night, and I'll turn your cases over in my mind. Lois!"

The sour looking servant appeared.

"Show these young ladies to a room. Give 'em water and towels to remove the dust of travel."

And this was all the welcome that the two young orphans received.

The next morning, while Clara and Freddie were yet wrapt in dreams, old Lois made her appearance.

"It is not 6 o'clock yet!" cried Clara sleepily, rubbing her eyes.

"It isn't time to get up yet, surely," pleaded Freddie, who had all a young girl's inclination to sleep.

"No," said Lois; "but it is my mistress. She's taken ill sudden, and she wants to know which one of the young misses will come and nurse her."

"What's the matter?" said Clara, still rubbing her eyelids.

"We doesn't know exact," said Lois mysteriously. "I hope to goodness it ain't smallpox, but I'm dreadful afeared it is."

"Smallpox!" Clara gave one quick look into the glass at her dimpled cheeks and sat in smooth skin. "Oh, my gracious! Freddie, just hand me my traveling bag. We must get out of this house as soon as possible."

Freddie stood silent, the color coming and going in her fresh face.

"Clara," said she pleadingly, "ought we to go?"

"Ought we? I should say there was no question on the subject," said Clara, hurriedly fastening the buttons of her boots.

Freddie turned to the servant.

"Lois," said she, "take me to my aunt's room. I will be her nurse."

"You are a fool!" cried Clara, tying on her hat.

"I'm not so sure of that!" uttered a shrill voice, and Mrs. Jaycox herself appeared in the doorway, faded black silk dress, gold headed cane, glittering beads and all. "There's a fool somewhere in this present company, but it isn't my niece Frederica. Go your way, Clara, for a heartless, time serving minx, and never expect aught from me! Lois and I have contrived this business as a test of my nieces' humanity and hearts. And we're satisfied, aren't we, Lois?"

And old Lois grinned back her acquiescence.

Clara returned home that morning, her aunt insisting that she should not even remain to breakfast, and Frederica staid as Mrs. Jaycox's adopted daughter and darling.

Nor did she ever repent it. Mrs. Jaycox was like a winter apple—hard and rigid to outward appearance, but sweet at the core. And when, five years subsequently, she died and left all her fortune to Freddie Carstone the girl felt that she had lost a real friend.—Exchange.

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